

THE LITERARY MIRROR.

VOL. 1.]

SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 4, 1808.

[NO. 16.]

Sweet flowers and fruits from fair Parnassus' mount,
And varied knowledge from rich Science' fount,
We hither bring.

Miscellany.

THE WILD ROSE OF LANGOLLEN.

A TALE.

THE evening air blew chilling cold : Gwinneth threw her apron over her shoulders, and went to the wood-house for faggots. Ellen was left alone ; her eye fell on the stump of the withered rose tree ; " That was Edward's gift," said she, mournfully. " Peace is now restored ; he will return ; he will return ; he will think I have neglected it ; for alas ! it is withered. But no ! Edward must come no more to our cottage." Hearing the returning step of Gwinneth, she wiped away the starting tear ; for well she knew her good mother would chide. Gwinneth entered trembling : " Mercy ! my child ; come and listen ; sure I heard the abbey bell toll." Ellen turned pale : she listened with breathless agitation ; again the heavy bell struck with awful reverberation. " Oh !" cried Ellen, clasping her hands together, " the news has arrived that Edward is killed." Vainly now did Gwinneth call upon the name of her child, who lay senseless on the cold earth. Ellen was the lovely, virtuous child of honest peasants ; but she was tenderly beloved by the son of the wealthy Sir Owen Fitzmorris. In the rustic sports on the lawns before the abbey, Edward had often gladly joined, often pressed the fair hand of Ellen with rapture to his lips, and breathed in her ear accents of pure unchangeable love ; but parental authority interposed ; Edward was ordered to accept the hand of the rich, the haughty Lady Hester. His heart proudly revolted ; yet, to disobey a father, hitherto fond and tender, was death. He implored a respite : Sir Owen granted his petition ; and the regiment in which Edward served was ordered to Egypt ; yet his departing words breathed fervent, constant affection to his Ellen, and his parting gift was the rose tree which she now bewailed. " For heaven's sake ! my child," said Gwinneth, " be composed. I will step to the gate, and see if any one passes from the abbey. Dear, now be comforted." Gwinneth stepped to the gate. " Bless me ! as I live, here comes a soldier down the hill ! The word revived Ellen : she flew to her mother's side. The soldier descended the hill : he seemed to walk feebly, and leant on the shoulder of a boy. " Sure," thought Ellen, " that is Edward's form ;" but as he approached nearer, conjecture changed : his dress was shabby and disordered, his hair uncombed ; and a bandage passed across his eyes, marked the sufferings he had endured in the dreadful climate to which he had been exposed ; for Edward it was ; and love soon revealed him to the wonder-struck Ellen. In a moment, each of his

hands were seized by Gwinneth and her child ; who forgetting, in the first joy at sight of him, the shocking change of his appearance, led him in triumph to the cottage ; but enquiry soon succeeded : and while Ellen fixed her eyes upon her withered rose-tree, in anguish, exclaiming, " Alas ! he cannot see it now," Edward began his recital.

" When I left you, my dear friends, in compliance with a father's commands, I embarked with my regiment for Egypt. Our troops were successful in all their undertakings : I alone seemed doomed to feel the pangs of disappointment and sorrow. An enterprize in which I was engaged, required dispatch and caution ; when in a moment of general attack, my dearest friend, and earliest companion of my happy days, fell covered with wounds. Disobeying the strict orders of our commander, not to quit our posts, I bore him in my arms from the scene of horror : for this I was broke, and charged with ignominy." Ellen wept ; her heart was too full for utterance : the poor old woman sobbed aloud. " I returned," said Edward, " in the first vessel that sailed, and returned but to see my father breathe his last. Even he too conspired against my happiness ; for, would you believe it, Ellen ? he has disinherited me." " How !" exclaimed Ellen " is it in nature to be so wicked ! A child he once loved so dearly !" " True," returned Edward : " but you now behold me in sickness and sorrow, without a friend to comfort, or a house to shelter me." " Never, never, my dear young master," cried Gwinneth, " while the sticks of this poor cot hang together"—Ellen clasped his hand closer between hers, but spoke not. On a sudden some recollection darted across her mind ; she let his hand fall, and sighed deeply. " What ails my Ellen ?" asked Edward ; " will she not confirm the words of her mother ?" " Ah, me !" said Ellen, " I am thinking how happy the Lady Hester will be to have the power of restoring you to wealth and comfort. She can do all that our wishes dictate." " But if my Ellen gives me her love," replied Edward, " I will not seek the favour of the Lady Hester." " And will you stay with us ?" asked the enraptured Ellen.—" Oh, we shall be happy enough in that case ; and our debt of gratitude will be in part discharged : for to you, Edward, we owe all. Your instructive care first raised my mind from ignorance ; and if a virtuous sentiment animates this breast, from you it derives its source." " You are unjust to yourself, Ellen : instructions bestowed where there is not innate virtue, is like the vain attempt at cultivating a rocky soil. But how, my love, can you think of supporting an idle intruder ? Your means are but scant, though your heart is ample." " We will work the harder," said Gwinneth, " We knit and spin, and have a thousand ways of getting a penny ; and when you get strong and healthy, you shall work." " Mr. Fitzmorris work !" exclaimed the indignant Ellen. " And why not my child ?" rejoined Gwinneth. " Is there any disgrace in

honest industry ? Mr. Fitzmorris is not proud ; and when, with some juice of simples, which you, Ellen, shall gather, we have bathed his eyes, who knows but, by the favour of heaven, his sight may be restored ? Thus, Ellen, he will assist our labours, see our cheerful endeavours to make him forget all past misfortunes ; and we shall be the happiest peasants in Langollen." " Excellent creature !" cried Edward, " my whole life shall pass in active gratitude. But I must away : on the brow of the hill I left a weary traveller ; I will bring him to taste a cup of your beer, and speed him on his journey." Ellen was unwilling that he should leave her so soon, though but for a few minutes : but when Edward continued above two hours, her terror was inexpressible. The night closed in, and Edward did not return. Ellen's couch was wetted with her tears, and morning found her pale and sad. She waited at the door in anxious expectation, and with a scream of wild joy exclaimed, " He is coming !" He was supported by an elderly man ; and Ellen hastened forward to lend her assistance also, while Gwinneth prepared their homely breakfast. Edward seemed breathless with fatigue ; and the stranger accounted for the delay, by saying, that he had wandered up the country, fearing his companion had forgotten him. " Ah ! you are cold and wet !" said Ellen. " No, my love ; you see I have a great coat. I found my little parcel at the lodge where I rested last night." " And that lodge, which was once your cruel father's, should now be yours," said Ellen. " But, no ; he was not cruel, Edward ; for he has given you to us." " Come, come ; this is fine talking," cried Gwinneth, " while the poor youth is cold and hungry ; and see the tears how they roll down his cheeks." " Do your eyes pain you, Edward ?" enquired Ellen : " let me wash them with spring water." " They do, indeed," said he. In the gentlest manner possible, Ellen removed the bandage : and his full, expressive, hazel eye met her's bearing joy and love. She receded with a scream of surprise. He threw off his coat, and discovered his dress decorated with every military honour. " Ellen, forgive this deception ; it was my father's stratagem ; and here he is a witness to your disinterested affection. I am not dishonoured, but promoted by my noble commander to high military rank." " It is true, indeed," said the old gentleman " I suspected my son of an unworthy choice, and dictated this stratagem as the means of confirmation. The Lady Hester disdained a poor infirm soldier, and now my Edward has to sue for your acceptance." Dumb gratitude seized the trembling Ellen : She fell at the feet of Sir Owen, bathed his hands with her tears, and vainly tried to express the feelings of her oppressed heart. The rustic meal passed some time unregarded, till composure was restored, and the benevolence of the intention rendered it a repast palatable even to the Baronet. " Your rose-tree is withered," said Ellen. " Indeed I could not pre-

serve it." Heed it not," returned Edward; "it was a hot-house plant, and could ill endure the slightest breeze of mischance. You, Ellen, are the blooming Wild Rose of Langollen, whose native sweetness is but increased by the homeliness of the culture it received.

"Oh, let me then transplant thee safe into a richer soil, and of my garden be the pride and joy!"

Ellen, with blushing joy, gave her hand to her lover, who that day led her to the abbey, where the delighted peasantry came to make their heart-felt gratulations; and, in the happiness of his children, Sir Owen found his cure; and the aged Gwinneth sunk into a peaceful grave, beloved and revered by her dutiful child: and to the arms of Sir Owen Fitzmorris is now added, with proud triumph, the blooming Wild Rose of Langollen.

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

The Lap Preacher.

On that night could not the King sleep, and he commanded to bring the book of Records of the Chronicles; and they were read before the King.

OF the smaller sections of the Jewish Classics few are more beautiful, interesting, and instructive than the book of Esther. It has been frequently the subject of my contemplation, and the character of a Jewish nobleman, the manly and independent Mordecai, and of a capricious tyrant, the discontented Haman, I have formerly sketched with the humble materials of a village painter. But this curious tract of Ancient History, its brevity considered, is remarkable for the grandeur, variety, and copiousness of its incidents, which, if assisted by leisure and opportunity, I may hereafter review. At present, I will so attempt to describe a solitary occurrence in this story of a Jewish Princess, that my readers and myself may, perhaps, derive some benefit from the moral.

On this fine piece of ancient canvass, which exhibits so much historical truth, and so much pictorial beauty, one of the front figures is Ahasuerus, a Prince of Persia. He was probably, the Artaxerxes Longimanus of the Classick Historians, a monarch of extensive renown and splendid dignity. This is fortified very strongly by the exordium of Esther itself, which commences in a manner singularly magnificent. Now it came to pass, in the days of Ahasuerus (this is Ahasuerus which reigned from India even unto Ethiopia over a hundred and seven and twenty provinces:) that in those days, when the King Ahasuerus sat on the throne of his kingdom, which was in Shushan the palace, he made a feast unto all his princes and servants; the power of Persia and Media, the nobles and princes of the provinces, being before him: when he showed the riches of his glorious kingdom, and the honour of his excellent majesty, many days, even a hundred and fourscore days. And when these days were expired, the King made a feast unto all the people, that were present in Shushan, the Palace, both unto great and small, seven days, in the court of the garden of the King's palace; where were white, green, and blue hangings, fastened with cords of fine linen and

purple to silver rings and pillars of marble: the beds were of gold and silver, upon a pavement of red, and blue, and white, and black marble. And they gave them drink in vessels of gold, and royal wine in abundance, according to the state of the King. And the drinking was according to the law, none did compel: for so the King had appointed to all the officers of his house, that they should do according to every man's pleasure.

Genius has often been very successfully employed, in the description of scenes of mirth, munificence and gaiety. But it would be difficult to find, in any page, however brilliant, a more gorgeous display of a regal banquet than this Persian festival afforded. The historian seems to task all his powers in painting this glowing picture of oriental luxury. A mighty monarch, whose dominions extended from the Ganges to the Niger, whose extensive sway is not bounded by the narrow horizon of petty principality, but whose absolute power commands, with all the emphasis of the text, a hundred and seven and twenty provinces, is represented as feasting, with the utmost excess of liberality, a nation of nobles and a people of princes. Nor is this hospitality stinted by the ordinary period of a vulgar calendar. This gay and protracted carousal, that every taste might be gratified, every fancy delighted, and every wish satisfied, continues for three months. The generosity of Ahasuerus extends even beyond one of the four seasons. After thus lavishing his bounty upon the rich and the noble, the splendid and mighty, he condescends to think of the mean, and the poor. He feasts the whole multitude, that were in his palace. A whole week is devoted to their mirth and merriment, and it is a memorable circumstance, that they were entertained in the court of the garden, where nothing of pageantry, nothing of beauty, nothing of magnificence seems to have been omitted, which could, in any degree, minister to their delight. Variegated tapestry, suspended by cords of the purest white, and the richest purple, from silvery rings, and alabaster columns; beds of silver and gold on mosaick pavements; and festal cups of the most precious metals attract every where the giddy and delighted eye. Nor is this organ the only sense which is gratified. The richest grape of Persia is crushed into every cup. The liquid ruby of royal bounty flows in profusion, and, to give new zest to the wine, the measure of drinking is the measure of each man's taste, and every individual, in conformity to the law of genuine hospitality, is permitted to quaff, or to sip, at his pleasure.

While the mind dwells, with a sort of rapture, upon this extraordinary entertainment, it is necessary, by the light of the context, to survey some of the surrounding circumstances.

After the lapse of a week, thus devoted to joy, the King commanded his officers to summon the Queen to appear before his presence. He was solicitous, from a motive of vanity, to exhibit to his subjects, so much beauty, heightened by all the ornaments, which the gems of Golconda could bestow. From some whimsy of caprice, which would puzzle even a Jewish Philosopher to explain, the Queen Vashti refused to come at the King's commandment. The consequence was extremely natural. The mortified Monarch was very wroth, and his anger burned within him. During this paroxysm, he consults his pri-

vy counsellors. These sages, of course, advise her immediate repudiation. For the example of all other disobedient and obstinate wives, she is banished from the precincts of the Palace, and her Royal estate is given to another, who is better than she.

After this medley of mirth and mortification, when the anger of Ahasuerus was appeased, new scenes, calculated to excite different passions, appear. He is captivated with the charms of Esther, an elegant woman, whom he crowns, and in honour of whom he makes another feast, and bestows ample largesses among the people. During the festivity of his nuptials, a conspiracy is formed against his life, the rivalry between Mordecai and Haman commences, and a sanguinary decree against the Jewish nation is promulgated. The consternation of the city, the grief of Esther, the importunity of that Princess and the desperate ambition and peevish discontent of Haman ensue. These sinister circumstances cloud the court of Persia. What is the consequence? an inevitable one. Corrosive Care usurps the place of Mirth and Revelry. Though the King and Haman sat down to drink, the Prince was too much perturbed to enjoy the pleasure. Torn with conflicting emotions, he probably abridged the entertainment and hastened home to the inner pavilion of his palace. Unhappy Monarch! Repose, it seems, does not await thy return. For, as we read in the text, on that night could not the King sleep, or as it is more forcibly and figuratively expressed in the original, the Sleep of the monarch fled away.

Swift on his downy pinions, flew from wo,

To light on lids, unsullied by a tear.

This is one of the most remarkable proofs of the despotism of Care and Anxiety, that can be adduced from the annals of mankind. A potentate of Persia, the absolute Lord over a hundred and seven and twenty provinces, in whose extensive dominions might be found all that Power, and Wealth, and Beauty might bestow; whose servants are princes, and whose companions are Sages; whose ear is charmed by all the nightingales of the garden, and whose heart is warmed with all the wines of Shiraz, is still wretched and restless, like the inmate of Poverty's hovel. Careless of the colours of his Palace curtains, waving in many a gay festoon; blind to all the radiance of his vessels of silver and gold, and deaf to all the music, even of the lutanist of Persia, the agitated Ahasuerus, drinking, carolling, revelling, or triumphing as he may, discovers, in the languid hour, that he must still watch, and be sober. I see him on his eastern couch, nor am I insensible of all the syren powers, that, at the midnight hour, are invoked to lull him to repose. But the daggers of Assassination glimmer thro' the darkness; all the forms of Perturbation and Anxiety hover around: he hears the voice of an expostulating minister, and the screams of wounded Jews; and although Haman and he may have sat down to drink, the cup brings no oblivion.

In a night, so involved with gloom, not even a King could sleep. He was broadly awake. But his exhausted body did not impede the progress of the immortal mind. He is roused, from tumbling, and tossing on the couch of Care, and

perhaps exclaimed, like another prince, in similar perplexity,

— Sleep gentle Sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Thy rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody.

Though this mighty monarch had devoted one hundred and eighty seven days to voluptuousness: though every room in his palace had blazed with lights, and brayed with minstrelsy, though he had regaled his senses with the odour of the rose, the notes of the nightingale, the sweetness of the pomegranate, the survey of Splendour and the charms of Beauty, still he is restless, irritable, and vigilant.

Uneasy lies that head, that wore a crown.

The "dull god" which visits "the vile in loathsome beds," left "the kingly couch, a watch case, or common laram bell." *Tired Nature's sweet restorer* had gone to bless the cottages of Persia, and left the monarch a prey to mournful musing.

Though busy Thought, too busy for his peace,
Through the dark postern of time long elaps'd,
Led softly by the Stillness of the night,
Stray'd wretched rover, o'er the pleasing past,
In quest of wretchedness perversely stray'd,
And finds all desert now; and met the ghosts,
Of his departed joys, a numerous train.

In this sable hour of Spleen and Care, Ahasuerus provided, with a philosopher's wisdom, a most effectual remedy for morbid restlessness.— He commanded to bring the book of the Records of the Chronicles and they were read before the King. That sleepless moments might not glide in idle reverie away, his attendants were ordered to make vocal the Historian's page, and recal to remembrance the annals of the kingdom.

It is worthy of observation, and it is a circumstance finely corroborating the veracity of our text, that throughout Asia, to this day, it is the habit of men of rank and fortune, to deceive the burden of life, and beguile the langour of evening, by listening to some musician, narrator, or reader. In Persia, interesting stories and amusing apilogues are repeated, and odes, gay or voluptuous are sung. Poets rehearse their works, and Fabulists task their invention. Arabia abounds with these amusements. Thompson, with all the magic of numbers, and all the veracity of an historian, alludes, in his *Castle of Indolence*, to this oriental custom.

Such the gay splendour, the luxurious state,
Of Caliphs old, who on the Tigris shore,
In mighty Bagdad populous and great,
Held their bright court, where was of ladies store,
And Verse, Love, Music, still the garland wore:
When Sleep was coy, the Bard in waiting there.

CHIEF'D THE LONE MIDNIGHT WITH THE MUSES' LORE,

Composing Musick bade his dreams be fair,
And Music lent new gladness to the morning air.

This *Arabian Night's Entertainment*, by the by, is so exactly contemporaneous to manners and character, that I am as much convinced of the reality of all the events in Esther, as if they were present before my eyes, and I were actually listening to the historian of Ahasuerus.

As I am always solicitous, in these little essays, which can scarcely be called sermons, and are worthy of no better name than sketches and outlines of literary composition, that something practical and useful may be gleaned even from my "scattering and unsure Observance," I will conclude by advising every reader, when like Ahasuerus, he is vigilant, to be **STUDIOUS AND CONTEMPLATIVE**. Let him not linger a moment on the uneasy pallet of Care, but relume the brightest of his lamps, and read the most perfect of writers.

Delicacy of Taste.

THERE is a delicacy of taste observable in some men, which very much resembles a delicacy of passion, and produces the same sensibility to beauty and deformity of every kind, as that does to prosperity and adversity, obligations and injuries. When you present a poem or a picture to a man possessed of this talent, the delicacy of his feelings make him to be touched very sensibly with every part of it; nor are the masterly strokes perceived with more exquisite relish and satisfaction, than the negligencies or absurdities with disgust and uneasiness. A polite and judicious conversation affords him the highest entertainment; rudeness or impertinence is as great a punishment to him. In short, delicacy of taste has the same effect as delicacy of passion: it enlarges the sphere both of our happiness and misery, and makes us sensible to pains as well as pleasures which escape the rest of mankind.

I believe, however, there is no one who will not agree with me, that, notwithstanding this resemblance, a delicacy of taste is as much to be desired and cultivated as a delicacy of passion is to be lamented, and to be remedied if possible. The good or ill accidents of life are very little at our disposal; but we are pretty much masters what books we shall read, what diversions we shall partake of, and what company we shall keep. Philosophers have endeavoured to render happiness entirely independent of every thing external that is impossible to be attained: but every wise man will endeavour to place his happiness on such objects as depend most upon himself; and that is not to be attained so much by any other means, as by this delicacy of sentiment. When a man is possessed of that talent, he is more happy by what pleases his taste, than by what gratifies his appetites; and receives more enjoyment from a poem or a piece of reasoning, than the most expensive luxury can afford.

Hume.

A learned wight was informing some friends, how unanimously a certain vote passed, "in short (said he) it passed crim. con."

Original Poetry.

FOR THE LITERARY MIRROR.

LICEA

(WEeping)

INSCRIBED TO HER FRIEND
ELIZA.

SAY hast thou seen at even-tide,
The Lilly fair, the valley's pride,
When dewy drops depress its leaves,
And perfume sweet of heav'n it breathes?

Yet ah! more sweet than this appears,
The fairer Licea bath'd in tears!

Soft is the light of earliest dawn,
When dew drops gem the verdant lawn:
While tuneful birds from ev'ry spray,
In descants hail the god of day;

But softer far to me, appears
The lovely Licea bath'd in tears!

Dear is the vernal ev'ning hour,
When clouds have wept a balmy show'r;
While Sol emits his ling'ring beams,
And earth, and air, with gladness teems.

But dearer far to me appears
The gentle Licea bath'd in tears!

Divinely mild pale Cynthia's light,
Beams thro' the misty tears of night;
While silence sleeps o'er hill and dale,
Lull'd by the softly sighing gale.

Yet milder, more divine appears,
The lovely Licea through her tears!

When some blest Angel of the skies,
To save its fav'rite eager flies,—
Weeping receives its trembling breath,
Doom'd by dark fate to dusky death;

Like this Angelic form, appears
The weeping Licea bath'd in tears!

HARLEY.

MERCY.

MY uncle Toby was a man patient of injuries; not from want of courage, where just occasions presented, or called it forth: I know no man under whose arm I should sooner have taken shelter; nor did this arise from any insensibility or obtuseness of his intellectual parts: he was of a peaceful, placid nature; no jarring element in it; all was mixed up so kindly in him: my uncle Toby had scarce a heart to retaliate on a fly: Go—says he, one day at dinner, to an overgrown one who had teased about his nose, and tormented him cruelly all dinner time; and which, after infinite attempts, he had caught at last, as it flew by him: I'll not hurt thee, says my uncle Toby, rising from his chair, and going across the room, with the fly in his hand. I'll not hurt a hair of thy head: Go, says he, lifting up the sash, and opening his hand as he spoke, to let it escape; go, poor devil—get thee gone, why should I hurt thee? This world, surely, is wide enough to hold both thee and me.

* * * This is to serve for parents and governors instead of a whole volume upon the subject.

STERN.

Original Poetry.

FOR THE LITERARY MIRROR.

To the memory of the two Monks of St. Gothard, who were drowned in their passage to Savannah.

WHEN early in life, ere to manhood arriv'd,
Disgusted with scenes, which the world gave to view;
The vale of St. Gothard, their pleasures reviv'd,
And life had a claim, bidding folly adieu!
There piety dwelt in each bosom serene,
And there, had philanthropy made her abode,
There friendship, and love, did embellish each scene,
While genius, and taste too, had blessings bestow'd!
Behold, now their Convent envelop'd in flames!
Their Abbot torn from them, and borne far away;
In Tunis alas! is he groaning in chains,
Encompass'd with sorrows, more painful each day!
Their country, their friends, and their brethren they fly,
Entrusting their lives on the sea, to obtain
From benevolent strangers, of gold a supply,
To meet, in the Valley St. Gothard again.
But no more shall they meet! A happier home
Awaits them, while struggling for life in the wave;
Success bid them hope little longer to roam;
When a boist'rous storm, hid their hopes in the grave!
Alas, raging tempest! thou pitiless wave!
Why didst thou o'erwhelm them, the friends of mankind?
Oh why in thy bosom prepare them a grave?
Already to storms of misfortune consign'd!
Poor Monks of St. Gothard! how futile each scheme,
In Fancy's bright mirror we oftentimes view!
Alas, are they gone! as the fair morning dream!
Supplanted by incidents mournful, yet true!
Oh, thou, who hast heard the soft voice of a sigh!
Nor pain'd them with questions, but freely hast giv'n,
"When the sufferings of death, plant a tear in each eye,"
For thee, are unfolding the bright gates of heav'n!

MALVINA.

The following lines are from the "Poems of Edmund," and are replete with all that tenderness and simplicity which so much distinguish the effusions of that Poet. You will oblige a subscriber by giving them a place in your next "Literary Mirror."

EVANDER.

I saw two buds—the valley's pride,
Steal into bloom with glowing morn:
One, ev'ry blushing flow'r outv'd,
Which strove the vest of Spring to adorn.
I saw a youth of cruel heart,
As though some sportive scheme to try,
Tear the entwining gems apart—
Regardless of fond Nature's tie.
He left one on its native spray;
One distant from the vale he bore:
Rob'd of its twin, this pines away,
That blooms in freshness as before.
Thus did the Fates unkind decree;
In love our infant hearts dis sever—
The blooming rose resembles thee;
And thou like it, art gay as ever.
And so the other emblems me;
Like its will prove my early doom—
Untimely death the lot will be
Of him, whose heart has lost its bloom.

The following prologue to the WANDERER, was written by JOHN H. PAINE; and as we are informed, at the age of about 15. He edited for some time, in New-York, a paper entitled the "THESPIAN MIRROR," and is spoken of as very extraordinary for the genius and powers of his mind; and from this specimen of his poetic talent, we think with no small justice.

SO then! methinks we'll leave without repining,
This sobbing, monkish, methodistic whining:
One serious part (at least if they will tease one)
Is *quantum sufficit*, for half the season.—
Oh dear! I scarce can force a smile to ask
How you approve our author's infant task?
If to his WANDERER a home you'll give,
And bid the trembling hope of genius live?
"Pshaw! (cries old *ten per cent.*) don't talk to me,
Of trembling genius—hope—and——(hesitating)
All stuff, and nonsense!—if the cash be rare
What genius is thy boasted lot?——despair!
Tho' his bold flight reach worlds at ev'ry bound—
Its end—what is it?"—"two pence in the pound!"
"The silly wight is left at last to curse
His learned noddle, with an empty purse!
Give me your plodding man of common-sense,
Whose wiser study is to soar at pence;
Who thinks no style like *invoice* half so terse is—
And *contra credit*, worth a ton of verses!
If wits will write—why let them write and starve—
For me thank Heav'n I have my goose to carye,
And cellar furnish'd to my heart's desire!
What more can any man, or beast require?
Thus said, he takes his quid—looks wise & stirs the fire."
From judges such as these—we gladly turn
To eyes that sparkle—and to hearts that burn:
That conscious kindle at COLUMBIA's name,
Proud of their country's letters, as her fame!
That rear th' exotic if the flow'r be fair,
But nurse the native plant with tenfold care;—
Rest on its tendrils like the dew of dawn,
And bid it bloom, to cheer its parent lawn.
A devious WANDERER gladly turns to you—
To ask indulgence;—not to claim a due;
And oh believe her!—she would rather roam
O'er any wilds.....however far from home,
Than fail to plead in modest merit's cause....
Than meet your frowns—or lose your kind applause.

The Lilac.

[ORIGINAL.]

Before me a Lilac appears in full bloom,
How fine is the odour, how rich the perfume;
And shall I enjoy all its sweets, and not leave
A song to its praise, while its fragrance I breathe?
Would not this evince an insensible mind?
I cannot enjoy THEE, and then prove unkind—
No, sweet lovely Lilac, my breath like the dew,
Made balmy and fragrant by virtue from you,
Shall moisten thy leaves, shall enliven thy hue,
Crown thy blossoms with pearl, and thy sweetness renew.

ON THOMAS HUDDLESTONE

Here lies THOMAS HUDDLESTONE. Reader, don't smile!
But reflect, as this tombstone you view,
That Death, who kill'd him, in a very short while
Will HUDDLE A STONE upon you.

New-Hampshire Medical Society.

AT a statute meeting of the Newhampshire Medical Society, holden at Exeter on Wednesday the 25th of May, A. D. 1808, the following officers were chosen for the current year.

AMMI R. CUTTER, M. D. President.
NATHAN SMITH, M. D. Vice-President.

DRS. LEVI BARTLETT,
THOMAS S. RANNEY,
EBENEZER LERNED,
JOSEPH TILTON, AND
LYMAN SPALDING. } COUNCILLORS

LYMAN SPALDING, M. D. Secretary.
DR. THOMAS S. RANNEY, Treasurer.

DRS. NATHAN SMITH,
WILLIAM CUTTER,
LYMAN SPALDING,
EBENEZER LERNED,
JOHN FOGG, AND
EZRA BARTLETT. } Censors.

HON. SAMUEL TENNEY, Librarian.
DR. EBENEZER LERNED, Deputy Librarian.

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The Administrator, on the estate of Sarah L. Butler, late of Portsmouth deceased, gives notice that unless the creditors that estate prove and substantiate their claims they will not be allowed by the court.
Portsmouth, June 4, 1808.

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